

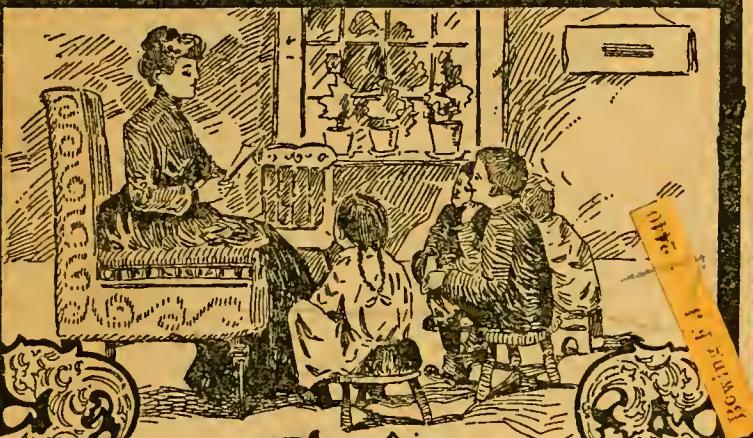
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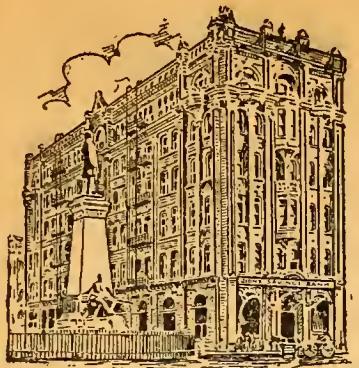
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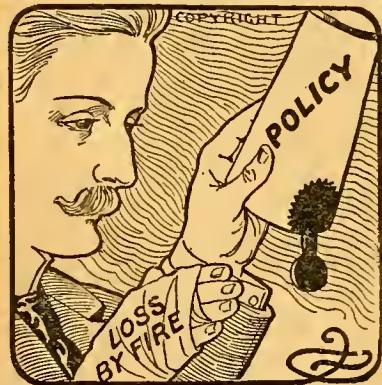
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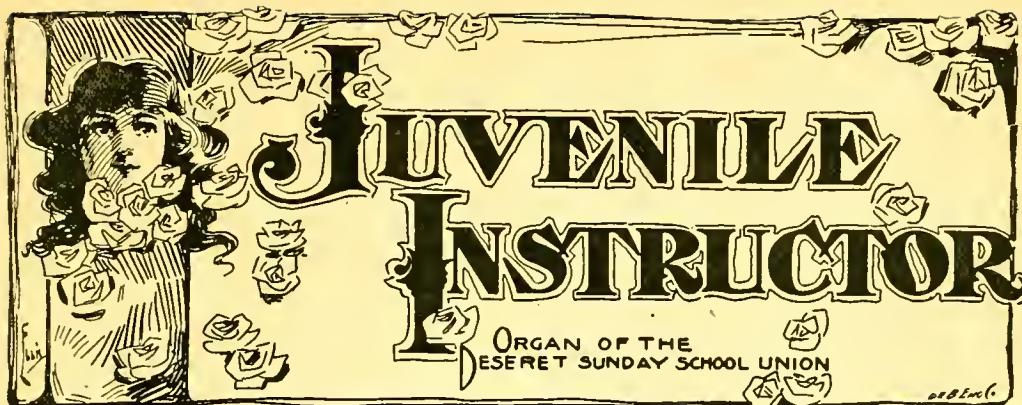
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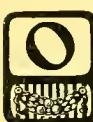


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No. 2

MEETING HOUSES ON SAMOA.



UR illustration shows the new concrete meetinghouse recently completed and dedicated at Tuasivi, the headquarters for

the Savaii conference in the Samoan Mission. The house is two stories high and is used for school as well as religious meetings. The upper floor is mostly



THE NEW MEETINGHOUSE AT TUASIVI, SAMOA.

used for the meetings of the Saints; while the lower floor is devoted to school and amusement purposes.

At Tuasivi is located one of the largest Church schools on Samoa, and the only one worthy of mention on the island of Savaii. As soon as the children of other villages become of school age, the Elders endeavor to have them sent to Tuasivi, where they can have better control over them, and keep them away from the evil influences of the traditions and customs of the older generations, which they must inevitably inherit if allowed to remain at home.

The same plan is followed in all of our large schools on Samoa, and it has been found to work very well. This system has been adopted about seven years, and a large number of fine young men have thus been educated for the local ministry and are found to be a source of great strength to the mission.

The Tuasivi meetinghouse stands upon a little promontory overlooking the sea. It is on a rock-bound coast and when the ocean is rough the sound of the waves beating against the rocks is almost deafening. But it is a very pretty sight to stand on this little bluff and watch the angry ocean continually beating against the cliff below you. One disadvantage to the location of Tuasivi is the fact that there is no beach where boats can land and although a rock pier has been built about two hundred feet out into the water, yet the place is so rough generally that it is impracticable to effect a landing there, except on calm days. When the weather is bad it is necessary to land about a quarter of a mile to the northwest, where there is a quiet little bay with a sandy beach.

Besides the Tuasivi meetinghouse the Church owns two other concrete houses, on Samoa, one at Alao and the other at Pagopago (paw'-ngo-paw'-ngo), the head-

quarters of the Tutuila conference. Perhaps you would be interested in knowing how these houses are built.

The first necessary step in building a house like the one in the illustration, is to burn lime for the foundation. There are no regular lime kilns on Samoa, and no one who has lime for sale, so it is necessary for each village or church to burn the lime they need as their house is being erected.

First a large round hole is dug, about five or six feet deep, and from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. When this is finished, the natives take their canoes and a rude raft constructed for the purpose, and go out into the shallow water enclosed in the coral reef which surrounds the island. When the tide goes out and the water is very shallow, they gather up a good raft load of coral rock which is very abundant on all the reefs. If a rock is too large to handle easily, they strike it a few sharp blows with an old ax and thus chop it smaller, so that it can be easily loaded on to the raft. When the tide rises, the raft is floated ashore and the load of rock is carried up and piled near the place where it is to be burnt. Several trips are necessary and it may take three or four days before enough rock is secured for a good sized lime kiln. This part of the work is made slower by the fact that the natives must carry all the rock on their bare shoulders.

After enough rock is gathered together they set to chopping wood. Generally a large forest tree is selected, and after being felled, it is cut up into convenient lengths; only the larger branches and trunk being of use, the brush is always discarded. This green wood is then closely packed into the hole which is to be used for a kiln. When a sufficient amount is in, the coral rock is piled all over the top and is stacked as high as it will stand. This done the kiln is ready to light.

A bottle of coal oil is poured over the green wood and a match applied, and in a very short time all that green wood will be a mass of flame, and will continue to burn from three to five days, at the end of which time nearly all the rock will have been burnt into nice white lime of excellent quality.

While the lime is cooling, the builders busy themselves in digging out the foundation trenches and gathering rock and sand for the wall.

As there are no wagons or horses on the greater part of the islands, all the building materials must be carried in baskets made from the cocoanut leaves, or upon the bare shoulders of the young men. Generally the men gather rock while the women and girls carry sand from the beach.

As the house progresses there must be more lime kilns—it takes several for even a small house—and more rock and sand must be carried in the same laborious way until the walls are finished.

As each division of the house is completed, the chiefs meet together and have a feast, consisting of the best native foods and such foreign articles as can be obtained.

The natives have neither the skill nor

the materials required for putting on the roof and finishing the building, so they buy either New Zealand or American lumber and corrugated iron and secure the services of a competent carpenter to finish the house. One thing that always enters into a contract of this kind is that the natives must provide the best of food for the contractor and his family, and scarcely a day passes while the work is in progress, but what he has either chicken or pork, or some kind of canned goods together with other native "luxuries."

This plan has not been entirely carried out in erecting the three concrete houses owned by the Church. The white Elders who have labored on the islands have furnished the skilled labor and on two of the houses have done the major part of the harder work, and for the most part carried the rock and sand, burned the lime and laid up the walls and on one house they paid for the finishing out of the means provided for them by their loved ones in Zion.

Besides these concrete buildings, the Church also owns several fine lumber houses, while each of the remaining branches has its house of worship devoted exclusively to that purpose. There are twenty-six in all.

F. E. Morris.



IN OLD OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

MOUNT TOBY is one of the three peaks that guard the central Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts. Ever since the first settlers pushed their way westward, in

1664, and halted beside the now historic stream, Toby has furnished firewood, chestnuts and maple sugar for all the farm houses in its immediate vicinity.

One October day, in the early part of last century, just as the shadows were beginning to fall toward the east, two men were sitting in a sunny clearing on the

side of Mount Toby, looking down into the valley below. They had finished their dinner. Beside them was the clumsy farm wagon, heavily laden with a wealth of hickory logs for the winter's fireplace. Near by the oxen were patiently waiting to have their yokes once more adjusted. The men did not notice their team, nor yet were they thinking of the beautiful valley on which their eyes were fixed. Far below, beneath the gold and crimson foliage of the maples, the Connecticut river made its beautiful bow, and the level plain, which it embraced, was now tawny with ripened corn, brown with rowen. Beside the river were the quaint little villages, Whately, Northampton and Old Hadley, whose white houses and white-spired churches seemed to have been freshly painted in honor of the glorious Indian summer.

Today, the traveler looking upon that scene, will see the colleges of Amherst, Northampton and the distant South Hadley. But at this time there were neither institutions of learning nor great factor-
ies to meet the eye; just a plain, peaceful farming valley, stretching away toward the south until the river lost itself in the giant gateway between Tom and Holyoke.

The men were father and son. It was evident from the expression on their faces that the subject under discussion had not been a pleasant one. At length the younger man broke the silence.

"Father, I cannot do as you wish. I have never felt the call which I believe I should have if I were to become a preacher; do not want to grieve you and mother, but I have made up my mind not to enter the ministry."

"But, my son," replied the father, "do you realize how much sorrow your determination will bring to your mother? Why, ever since you were a boy she's been setting her heart upon the time when she should hear you preach in the Old Hadley

meeting house. We have all of us worked to that end, and I believe if we pull together for one more winter, especially if you teach in the district school, in another year we can send you to Dartmouth or to Williams. You see, Daniel, I am getting along in years, the farm is small, and we have many mouths to feed. Certain you don't expect to make your living from the old homestead?"

"No, father, I have no intention of burdening you and the farm very much longer. If I could do as you wish, I should be glad to stay on year after year, working in the summer and studying in the winter. As it is I have made up my mind, as soon as I am through with my teaching in the spring, to leave Massachusetts for the west. There is no chance for a young man here; farms are small, land is poor, and I don't want to go to Boston or New York to make a living. I will go out to York State and then just keep on going until I find a farm that suits me, or something to do, even if I have to go away off to the Mississippi river."

"I didn't think, Daniel, that you were so set in your mind; I hate to give up the idea of your being a preacher. But we'll go home and talk it over with the folks, and I hope the Lord will make the way clear for us. My sakes! we ought to be hitching up the cattle or we won't be able to get home by sundown, and I don't intend to get churched for working on Saturday evening."

In the cool of the day they walked along the dusty road that leads to Hadley town, one on either side of the slow team. In the father's heart there was a sadness that he could scarcely express. He had known that some time the little farm would cease to be a home for all his family, but he had put off the day as something in the far,dreaded,distant future, and now to see that the one for whom he would sacrifice

the most, in whom his plans had centered, was to become a wanderer far out in the Indian country of the west, was a little more than he could bear. He walked along downcast and thoughtful. But Daniel Thompson held his head high and strode with the determination of a man who has cast his all and would abide the consequences. He was young; the country was young: into the new states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, young men were going from every city and village of New England to establish themselves upon a richer soil, in a more hospitable climate, the civilization that they were already beginning to call old in New England. He had strength, youth, health, ambition; others had succeeded, he must succeed. It was too late now for him to retract or to consider any other course.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW ENGLAND SATURDAY NIGHT.

The chores were done and the cattle fed at the Thompson homestead, long before the sun hid itself behind the Berkshire hills, for the New England Sabbath, like that of the Jews of old, began with the going down of the sun. The children were called in from their play; all school books and papers, dolls and everything that could make childhood happy, was removed from sight. Only in the kitchen was there any sign of the ordinary avocations of the week. There the great kettle swung on a crane in the fireplace, and the brick oven yet glowed from the bakings of earlier in the day.

It is not strange that the Puritans of New England produced so many men brave in purpose and noble of character, who became the pioneers of other lands, and leaders among other people. It is not strange that so many of the young people of New England were breaking away from the cold theology of their par-

ents, drifting into a religion that brought sorrow upon their parents, disgrace upon their native communities. If the beautiful isles of Greece produced poets and artists, if the mountains of Switzerland gave birth to heroes, it is not strange that the rugged hills of Massachusetts and her strenuous climate, gave to this land the names that have been greatest in education, in science, in literature, and in that which is greater than all else, in true manhood and noble womanhood.

At its best there was for the New England boy or girl but little of relaxation; the very ground seemed to begrudge the fruit which it yielded. An education could be obtained only after struggle and privation, but when that education was obtained it was infinitely dearer to those who had secured it, than is the education obtained by the boys and girls of today, who know nothing of the sacrifices of their grandparents.

Around the massive fireplace, where the great lock-log sent forth a glow that frightened quite away the autumnal chill, Farmer Thompson gathered his family. Each member knew that he had something important to say, or he would have waited until the next day to call the little council, over which he presided as patriarch. There was the mother, her brows furrowed with care, her hands hard with the toil of the past years, loving her children with an intenseness that was all the more deep because the Puritan matron's external signs of emotion had to be repressed. There was Daniel, his mother's pride, who well-sensed what this gathering meant to him, and that a few hours would mark out his course for years, and possibly determine his future life. There was the younger brother, David, who had been Daniel's bedfellow ever since he was tall enough to stand by his mother's knee, in whom the ambitions of his older brother had not yet been awakened. He

cared little for study, was content to plod about the farm, and was the natural successor to his father's acres. Two younger sisters were there, and at the thought of leaving them Daniel's heart was touched more keenly than it had ever been. Perhaps it was because of that, or perhaps it was because the remaining member of the group was a girl of about his own age, whose parents had once occupied an adjoining farm and who, having been left an orphan, had fortunately been spared realizing her great loss, by being received as a member of the Thompson household. Indeed to Farmer Thompson and his wife she seemed almost as their own daughter, and between Hester Pryde and Daniel Thompson there had been a close companionship that was beginning to be a little more than brotherly and sisterly in its nature.

When all were seated in the room, the farmer gave his customary cough, as though he were about to speak in the weekly prayer meeting held in the village church. Somehow the words failed him, and a tear stole down his roughened cheek.

"Well, mother," he said, "it has to come. Our boy, Daniel, wants to leave us."

Had there been a death in the family, the look of horror and grief that passed from face to face could scarcely have been more painful.

"Yes," proceeded the farmer, "Daniel has always been a good boy, and mother and I have looked forward to the time when we should see him stand in the pulpit, down in the meetin' house and take comfort in his sermons, but somehow he doesn't feel the call to preach, and I don't see for the life of me, how I can afford to send him to college unless he will be a minister. He has an idea that he can teach school this winter, and then, in the spring, go out to York state or Ohio and

set up for himself. I don't feel like lettin' him go without helpin' him, for he has always been a good boy to me, and yet there is not much corn this year, and unless I let a yoke of young steers go, I don't see what I can do for him."

The old man talked as though the matter of Daniel's going was already settled and admitted of no argument. The mother, with New England modesty, held her peace, though her heart was well nigh breaking. Daniel was very glad that she did so, for it made his task much more easy.

"Yes," he said, "father thinks it is best and so do I. I know how your heart has been set on my being a minister, but I cannot do it as I feel at present, unless I choose this profession, there is nothing for me to do."

Both the mother and Hester started. Nothing for him to do on whom they had come to depend so much! For about Daniel, even in his young manhood, there had been a cheerfulness that is always dear to a woman's heart; a smile, a light-heartedness that his father had never possessed.

"Daniel," said Mrs. Thompson, "there is plenty for you to do. You know I have always wanted you to go to Dartmouth, and then turn out to be a big preacher; but there is time for that yet; just you go on teachin' school as though nothin' had happened and by and by the call will come, and if you don't feel it, and don't want to teach, why can't you go down to Springfield or Hartford, or even to New York, instead of going into an unknown country?"

"Among the bears and the lions," sobbed the two little girls.

"Yes, and among strangers and Indians," said Hester. "Daniel, I don't believe your father can spare you, and when you are gone it will seem as though the light had left the house."

Then, as though afraid she had exhibited too much of her inner self, the girl hid her face in her hands and broke down.

"Well, you see how it is," said the old farmer, "none of us want the boy to leave, and yet it seems to me he has come to the cross roads, and has to go that way. Well, let him speak for himself."

The young man arose, paced up and down for a few moments, trying to collect his thoughts, and then began.

"It isn't such a long way out to Ohio or even to Illinois. Since the war was finished there has been no trouble with the Indians; and just think how many boys of my own age have gone out in the last ten years and have made good homes for themselves; homes better than we could ever expect in this old Connecticut valley. Besides the stage coaches run better than they used to, and the canal of Governor Clinton's that has just been finished from Albany to Lake Erie, will make the journey easy and also make it easy for me to send letters home. This I shall do wherever I am. My plan is in the spring to go out into western York

state by the canal, and perhaps I shall find something to do before I get very far from home. If not I shall keep on going west until I find what I want to do, or until my money gives out. In the latter case I have been brought up to work and can earn my own living. More than that I want to go and make a home for all of you, and I want our work together this winter to be toward that end. I have asked father to speak about this now that there may be no heart breaking or repining when the time of separation comes, and I want to go with the blessing of every one of you; yes, of you, Hester, just as well as of father and mother."

So saying, the boy went out and closed the door behind him, and the most momentous conclave in the history of the Thompson family was at an end. But the strange events were not over. When the family gathered together an hour later, and the hymn had been sung and the long chapter read, and the catechism questions repeated, Farmer Thompson did what he had never done before. He asked his eldest son to lead in prayer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ACROSS CANADA.

II.

THE SURPRISES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FIIFTY years ago very little was known of this great empire province of western Canada. In 1858 placer gold was first found along the sand banks of the lower Fraser. The announcement of this gold discovery took thousands away from the gold fields of California. The miners were soon followed by merchants and farmers anxious to sell their wares and products for the

gold washed out of the sands of the river bed. Little by little the permanent settlement of British Columbia began. It was discovered that various parts of the country whose area was, of course, small in comparison with the vast province, were remarkably adapted for farming.

There are running through British Columbia northwest and southeast five distinct ranges of mountains each separately named. Commencing on the east we have the Rocky Mountains. Immediately

west of these is the Selkirk Range; then the Gold Range and the Cascade Mountains; and lastly are the mountains of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Island.

The air heavily laden with moisture along the Pacific coast precipitates some of its moisture on Vancouver and then, becoming lighter, it is carried by the west winds higher up along the Cascade Mountains, which it crosses and rises to still greater heights to the Gold and the Selkirk ranges. Here the moisture by the cool air at the top of these high ranges, is practically all precipitated, and rain or snow falls almost daily the year around.

On the Gold and the Selkirk ranges the richest vegetation, perhaps, to be found anywhere in the world is seen. Pine, spruce, hemlock and cedar grow to enormous size and height. The ground is completely carpeted by a thick layer of mosses and ferns. The undergrowth of shrubs is often so dense as to make the forest on these ranges almost impenetrable. From a single acre of these forests, sometimes a half million feet of lumber is cut. British Columbia has thousands and thousands of acres of untouched forestry; and as years go on and the forests of Oregon and Washington have almost been completely denuded, this great Canadian province will be the lumber forest of the world.

It was not thought until after the gold discovery of the Fraser had brought a new population to British Columbia that there were any agricultural possibilities whatever

in the interior of that province. Between the Cascade mountains and the Gold Range there is a great plateau on which nothing but bunch grass and the prickly pear in its un-tilled condition grew. Canals, however, were taken out and the plateau has proven to be a great fruit and grain district. The soil is so rich that its yield of wheat is from forty to seventy bushels per acre.

The agricultural possibilities of British Columbia, however, are very limited as the country is almost wholly mountainous and covered by forests. Small areas of fertile lands in the river valleys of the province and the markets afforded by the mining industry are giving encourage-



THE CANON OF THE FRASER RIVER.

ment to small farms and to fruit growers. The large rivers afford transportation and much of these agricultural products can be taken to the seaport towns along the Pacific. Steamboats ascend the Fraser now to a distance of some two hundred miles; and beyond this limit, canoes and small transports ascend the river some three hundred miles farther.

The climate is not more severe than in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and the southern part of Vancouver Island possesses one of the most charming climates in the world. In Victoria the thermometer seldom goes below twenty-three degrees in winter, and seventy degrees is the average maximum height in summer.

The principal resources of British Columbia are not found in agricultural industries, but in the excellent fisheries and in the mineral wealth. Coal, of which so little is found in Oregon and Washington, is quite abundant throughout British Columbia. About one-half the coal mined today in that province goes to Washington and California. In view of the fact that coal is a prime necessity in maritime commerce, British Columbia is likely to prove a very strong rival in the enormous commerce which must soon spring up in all parts bordering on the Pacific ocean. Besides coal, gold and silver are found in considerable quantities. In 1900 five millions in gold was taken from the placer mines of the province.

Thus far gold mining has been confined chiefly to the river basins and but a little lode mining has been done. Lode mining in British Columbia is still handicapped by the difficulty found in the ab-

sence of suitable transportation. Little by little, however, branch lines are spreading out from the Canadian Pacific and the mining industry there is growing proportionately.

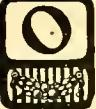
There seems to be some connection between the gold-bearing ranges of the Yukon and the mountains of British Columbia. The Yukon, however, has received much more attention than its neighboring province on the south and perhaps more gold has been sunk in the Yukon mines than will ever be taken out of them; though in 1900 they yielded something like twenty-two millions. Ten years ago there was practically no transportation for the lode mining industry of British Columbia; but if one-half the excitement and effort should be bestowed in that province that have been given to Yukon, there is no doubt that British Columbia would take a prominent place among the great gold producing regions of the globe.

British Columbia when compared with the neighboring states to the south is very sparsely settled as there are today, perhaps, not more than about two hundred and fifty thousand people there. Of late years, however, there has been a considerable influx of population; and as the province is well governed, there is no reason why it should not rapidly grow in population and resources in the immediate future. Its growth must, of course, go hand in hand with the facilities for transportation which is exceedingly difficult and expensive in a country so completely mountainous.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER SECOND.

 NE day my father came home from Macon, where he had been on business, with the news that there was to be a Methodist camp meeting, or revival, at Gainsville. He said that we should all go with him to stay a full week and that we should start on the following Saturday with everything necessary for camping out. Now, as this would take us farther away from home than we children had ever been before, you may be sure that we were beside ourselves with delight.

Saturday came slowly enough, and we left home "bright and early," for we had a long way to go. As we had to pass through a good part of the forest which I have mentioned often, Willie and I found plenty of things to amuse us. Now we would pull the branches of the trees as they overhung the road, now we would watch the rabbits scampering across the road in front of the wagon. And then, what fun it was to eat our dinner in this way when father unhitched the horses for their noon rest.

Gainsville is in Alabama, almost on the line that separates that state from Mississippi. The meetings were to be held a little way from there near a creek that ran through the woods. We reached the place towards evening. Hundreds of wagons and tents were scattered everywhere, and people were talking in groups about the meeting that would begin on the morrow.

I shall never forget the first meeting we attended. In a part of the forest near the stream, a large clearing had been made. There was a board platform at one end with a kind of pulpit for the preacher. Here and there in very irregular order were tree stumps, logs lying on

the ground, and between these as many rude benches as could be crowded in. The people sat on these, taking up as little room as possible, for there were many to be accommodated. We got seats early, and Willie and I watched the people coming.

Pretty soon the minister announced a hymn, which was sung by the congregation, himself leading, and beating time with a twig. All that I can remember of him is that he was a tall, thin man with a long black coat and a high-pitched voice. Then he prayed. He groaned and shouted, he wrung his hands as if he were in pain. Now he would kneel, now lean over the pulpit, now stand upright looking toward the sky. And he prayed for such a time. But the people, I can remember, did not seem to think it long. From all over the house during the prayer would come shouts of "Amen, amen!" "So may it be! so may it be!" and other words of approbation.

The rest of the meeting was even more exciting. The minister while preaching would walk up and down the platform, beating the air wildly with his hands and shouting at the top of his voice.

"Have you got Jesus?" he would inquire, at the same time pointing to some person not far away.

The person addressed would get up and walk to the "penitent form" to pray or be prayed for, or he would sit there in sheer fright at being thus pointed out, or he might even faint away and have to be carried out. In this way many would fall into swoons. Some, however, would jump up from their seats and shout that they had been converted. There was great excitement.

This praying and singing and preaching went on for a full week till everybody had "experienced religion," or shown

that it was impossible for religion to make any impression on him.

But a good deal of this, I'm afraid, was only amusing to Willie and me, and in consequence we must have caused our parents, especially mother, no small amount of annoyance. For very often we would be found ducking our heads in laughter and stuffing our handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep from being heard. We should not, of course, have done this, but we were too young to realize how serious a business it was to everybody else.

Such was our camp meeting, or revival. It must have been something like this that occurred when Joseph the Prophet was fourteen years old. There was this difference, however, that whereas the one I have been telling you of was confined to one denomination, the revival at Manchester where Joseph lived, included several churches. After the revival was over we are told that the various sects received such of the converts as wished to join them.

After all, I think as I look back upon all this religious excitement, that such a thing is not pleasing to the Lord. The Spirit of God is one of peace and silent joy, not of confusion and disturbance, and so I would rather preachers should tell what they have to say in a quiet, orderly way, and not as if they were stumping for some political party during the time of a presidential election.

* * * * *

It was towards the end of the camp meetings that one evening my Uncle John, of whom I told you in the last chapter, came to our camp. He had gone to De Kalb, and finding that we were attending the revival, had come to where we were. He seemed to be very much moved over something, taking great interest in the meetings he attended. At night he would talk for hours with father and

mother, after Willie and I had gone to bed. He was all the time urging us to go home, that this revival would do no good to any one. Finally, we went home for some reason before the meetings were entirely over, Uncle John going with us.

But they talked nothing but religion. During the following week or two, I can remember to have been awakened in the night by voices. I could not tell what they were talking about, except that it was on religion; but I gathered some names that I have never forgotten, and hope never to forget. Some of them were Angel Moroni, Joseph Smith, Book of Mormon, Nauvoo. I know now and you know, what my father and mother and Uncle John found so interesting.

One night after the voices had died away in the room adjoining, father and mother came to the room where I slept which was also their sleeping apartment. I saw them kneel down by the bedside and heard them pray. Now, I thought this very strange, for though they were good people I had never seen them pray before. They asked the Lord that they might know whether this thing they had heard of from Uncle John was true or not.

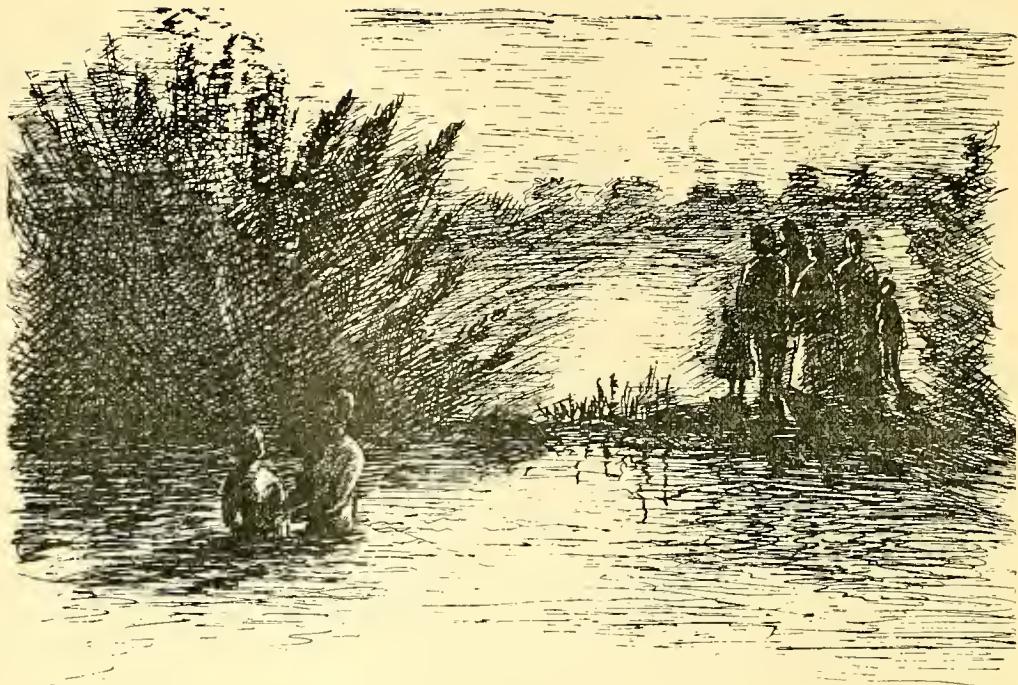
Next morning, while we were all at breakfast, my father said, "Well, John," speaking to uncle, "we have decided to be baptized."

"When shall it be?" asked my uncle.

"The sooner the better," was the answer.

So that very night the ceremony was performed.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock. Willie had gone to sleep, but was put on the bed without being undressed. I had remained up through excitement of what was coming. Shortly after eleven, Uncle John came in with the words "Everything's ready." We put



"SO THAT VERY NIGHT THE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED."

on "our things" and silently followed him into the night.

The moon was shining, having been up only a few minutes. The sky was clear, and it was not cold, for April had but just gone. No one spoke a word on the way.

Presently a halt was made near a pond, into which a creek ran constantly. I knew that we were near Mount Nebo, where Willie and I had been several times. A man was standing on the edge not far from a large clump of brush.

"This is my sister and her husband," said Uncle John, addressing the man as "Brother Wilson." He shook hands with them and us.

"Has anyone been around?" inquired Uncle John.

"No one, that I have seen," was the stranger's reply.

At that moment there was a noise from the neighborhood of the brush, and we all listened breathlessly. But it was only

some animal coming, as I supposed, for a drink.

As we were all dressed for baptism, including Uncle John, everything was ready for the ordinance. Uncle stepped down into the water and waded out till it was up to his waist, calling for father to follow him. When he had done so, they both stood there a moment, and then John said: "Alexander Gray, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then he put him under the water, as most of you children have been. This was repeated with mother and myself, Willie not being old enough to be baptized. Then we all went home.

Why was it all done so secretly?

You see it was this way. Uncle John and Brother Wilson had been at De Kalb and vicinity for nearly a month. Uncle had sold his property in Mississippi and had moved to Nauvoo, where the Saints

and the Prophet were. Desiring to convert his relatives in the south, he had been set apart for a brief mission, given a companion and sent to Mississippi. They had been preaching a good deal in our neighborhood and been successful in converting and baptizing several families besides ours. But there had been a great ado about it. Coming upon the heels of the Methodist camp meeting, their work had created much opposition, as indeed the Gospel always has among those who do not believe it. Once a mob gathered and prevented a baptism which the Elders were about to perform. So that our baptism took place in the middle of the night when there would be the least liability to be interfered with.

* * * * *

Had our baptism been performed at night in order that it might be kept a secret from the neighbors, it would have utterly failed of its purpose. For the very next morning everyone knew that we had been baptized. How they ever found it out was a mystery to us. But Uncle John said the devil revealed it to them.

However that may be, this I do know, that we had some sorry days of it on this account. No one would be sociable any more with us,—no one except those who, like ourselves, had joined the Church.

At school the rest of the children would poke all sorts of fun at Willie and me. They would ask us how we liked the cold water at night in allusion to our baptism. Or they would nickname us, always, of course, to bring reproach upon the name of our religion. They would not let us play very often in their games on the school-ground. Every one knew us as the "Mormons." Whenever they ran short of sport, they invariably turned to us. It was all very mortifying for us, I can assure you. Ever since those days I have been able to understand how Joseph the Prophet must have felt, when at fourteen

years of age, he was publicly ridiculed and persecuted.

Towards the end of school, in the spring of 1844, the chief amusement of the children, so far as we were concerned, was to set Willie on the gate post and call for the rest of the children to look at the Mormon, whereupon each would make his comment and the rest would laugh. I coaxed my schoolmates not to do this with my brother, and threatened to do all kinds of violent things. I besought the teacher, once when I saw her looking out of the window upon us, to put a stop to this hideous play. But she only said, "Oh, they'll not hurt him!" though my brother was crying bitterly all the time.

But father, too, was threatened with violence, though he knew what to do better than either Willie or I. A man, who had once been his friend, came to the house one day in the following summer.

"Since, you've joined them Mormons," he said, "we've decided, neighbor Gray, that we don't want your company any more!"

My father said nothing for quite a while. Finally he looked into the man's face, with a look in his eye such as I had never seen there before.

"Neighbor," he said, "I bought this place, and it's fully paid for; and I'll not ask you nor anybody else how long I shall stay. Go and tell that to your friends."

And he went. But whether he told it to his friends or not, I don't know. At any rate he never returned with any further message.

* * * * *

It was now June 27, 1844. Those who belonged to the Church—fifteen in all—had been accustomed to meet at private houses. It was at one of these meetings that we had been confirmed. The sacrament was administered and testimonies would be borne, or the Saints would be

addressed by an occasional missionary. Uncle John had by this time gone to Nauvoo, Illinois, to his family. At each meeting another would be appointed at some other house.

On this night,—June 27—the meeting was held at our home. At seven o'clock, the time for commencing, every one was there who had a right to be. We sang a hymn, and someone offered the opening prayer. But when it came to speak, no one could say a word. The people sat there for a long time in silence. An awful feeling of sorrow overcame them. And yet no one knew of anything that had happened or that was going to happen. The women all began to cry, and the men could scarcely refrain from doing so, too. The meeting broke up without anything further being done.

Everyone thought it so strange, but no one could account for it. Whenever any two of the Saints at De Kalb met after that, they discussed this strange circumstance. In course of time news came from Nauvoo that the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, had

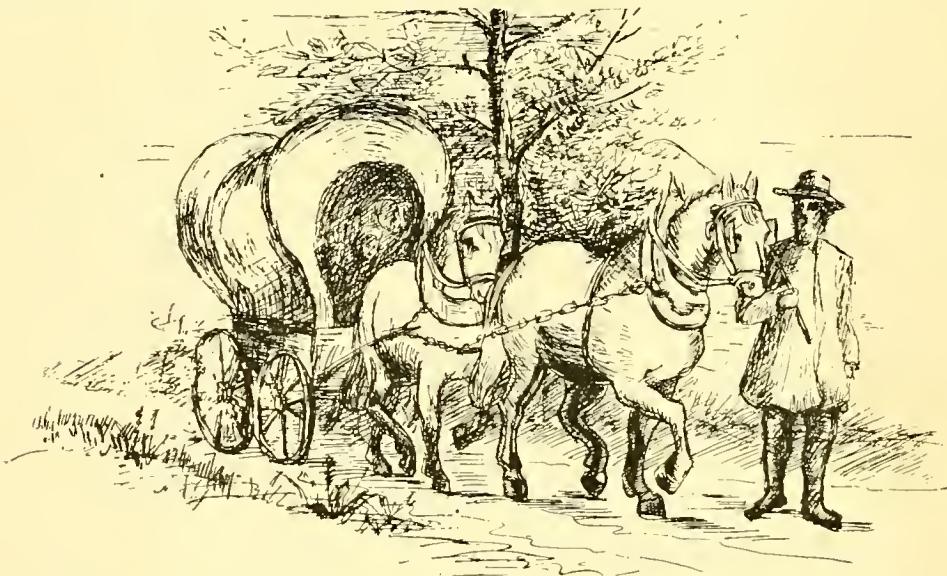
been cruelly assassinated at Carthage jail on the evening of this very twenty-seventh of June when we held our meeting. This was why everyone in the meeting had felt such an oppressive sadness.

I have read since of other circumstances something like this. One in particular gives an account of two of the Twelve Apostles traveling in one of the states, when they were forced to turn aside and weep. At the time they were unable to account for their strange feelings; but when they heard of the martyrdom, they could understand it all.

* * * * *

It was not long after this that father decided to sell out and go to Nauvoo. Owing to the strong prejudice against the Mormons in the neighborhood, it was impossible for him to dispose of his farm and other property as he might have done had he not been in the Church. As it was, he sold some things for about half of what they were worth, and left the rest.

Putting what we needed in a covered



"FATHER EITHER WALKED BESIDE THE HORSES OR RODE ONE OF THEM."

wagon, and hitching the horses one ahead of the other, we started out for the beautiful city on the banks of the Mississippi river. Mother and Willie and I rode in the wagon, while father either

walked beside the horses or rode one of them; for those were the days when, in that part of the country, they did not have reins as we do now, or drive horses two abreast. *John H. Evans.*



LITTLE THINGS.

Words by J. L. Townsend.

Music by Charles J. Thomas.

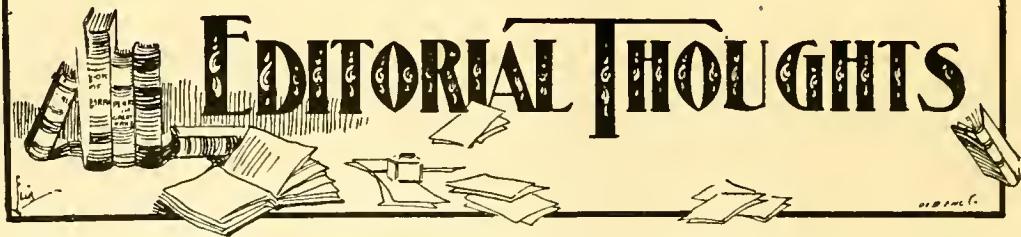
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1. Little voices sweetly singing, Little prayers we children say, To our homes are
 2. Little deeds to aid each other, Little words of love and cheer, All contentions
 3. Little steps in good behavior, Little laws we learn to mind, Bring us nearer

ever bringing Heaven's blessings day by day. } *Refrain.*
 quickly smother, And our smiles a - gain appear. } Little things we say and do
 to our Savior, While our manners grow refined. }

Ritard *a tempo*

Help us to be good and true, Little steps we upward take, Help us all our sins forsake.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 15, 1905.

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OBLIGATION OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

CHILDREN should learn early in life to limit, as far as possible, the burden they place upon their parents. It is worry, anxiety, and disappointment that often make the lives of parents almost unbearable, and these are frequently caused by thoughtless and sometimes evil disposed children. One of the best means of helping parents is to make them as little unnecessary trouble as possible. A troublesome boy in the home is likely to create disturbances among his associates, both in childhood and in manhood. Unless he is restrained early in life, he is in danger of a wayward career,

a career that shows how little regard he has for the welfare of others and how indifferent he is to the happiness of his parents. Because he is unhappy, he insists on making everyone around him unhappy. Such a boy disregards the wishes of his parents, his brothers and sisters and lives a wholly selfish life.

Children may well pause every day and ask themselves whether they are making unnecessary trouble for their parents. Children should learn to take pleasure in helping their parents by every possible means. They can understand young whether they are troublesome or helpful. A helpful spirit should be inculcated. To escape a selfish life, a disposition to assist others must be cultivated. If young people will stop to ask themselves whether they expect to be waited on or to wait upon others, they can tell whether they are growing into selfish habits or not.

There are many ways in which children may be helpful besides saving their parents unnecessary trouble and rendering physical aid. They may be choice of their words and never say things that show ingratitude and dissatisfaction. Kind words help to lift the cares and anxieties of life. Unkind words of children to parents carry with them a sting that is hard to heal. Such words often destroy a parent's affections for his children, and they should be avoided as a deadly poison. Children, perhaps, do not realize how much it is in their power to inspire and encourage parents by words of appreciation and respect.

Then there is a divine law that underlies the relations that exist between par-

ents and children. The Lord has required that children be obedient; and when they are not, they violate a law of God. The punishment may not speedily follow, but the result of disobedience is certain to manifest itself in time, either in the character or conduct, or in both.

There is about disobedient children an unhappy and unfortunate disposition that people generally wish to deal with as little as possible. Such children never feel that genuine friendship and confidence they would otherwise enjoy. They are wanting in love and sunshine, they soon grow apart from others and live almost wholly for themselves. They lose too in self-respect and self appreciation and imagine that others are just as unworthy as themselves. Helpful children not only aid their parents, but assist themselves to become happier and better men and women. Their feelings toward their parents usually represent the feelings they possess for others.

Joseph F. Smith.

DREAMS.

THERE are numerous instances in the Bible and other Church works in which the Lord has by dreams given warning against impending dangers, shown coming events, or given instruction. Then on the other hand, persons have dreams as the result of a disturbed mind, or a disordered stomach. The question naturally arises, How can one be certain about the source of a dream so as not to be mistaken about its meaning? There are, of course, dreams whose very origin is revealed in their violent and disordered nature. Their origin can be easily traced to purely physical conditions. About these no one need to be deceived.

But there are sometimes dreams that come to us in such a way as to tax our powers of discrimination and therefore call for the greatest wisdom and discre-

tion. They may be given us by evil influences and may be given to deceive. Dreams, like other divine agencies, may be abused. The good that is in them may be so perfectly imitated that we are not able easily to determine their source. Many people set too much store on these companions of sleep. They encourage dreams by highly colored imaginations, and are, therefore, often deceived.

There are, however, some general principles underlying the discrimination between helpful and deceptive dreams. The former are not generally isolated. They are accompanied by circumstances, such as previous prayer and devotion, particular service in the work of the Lord, or dangers besetting us when in the line of our duties. Such dreams are peaceful and are supported by the testimony of the Spirit. As a rule, they are for one's own personal conduct and guidance and are not usually given for the regulation of others.

Deceptive dreams are usually accompanied by selfish desires and personal ambitions. They are frequent and come as often as we may be made subject to their disturbing and misleading influences. Such dreamers become almost professional; they make dreams their chief source of inspiration. Of such, beware.

Then again, it is easy to abuse the divine gift of dreams by seeking and unduly encouraging them, as people sometimes abuse the gift of tongues and invite thereby the influence of undesirable spirits.

Should we cultivate and encourage the spirit of dreams? If we do, we may be easily misled by attaching to them an importance to which they are not entitled. Dreams are not the highest guide in life. They are occasional and for special purposes and are not intended to interfere with the daily workings of the Spirit of God, which we possess by our obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel,

and by strict adherence to the commandments of the Lord. Dreams never have the weight of authority except when they come through the proper channel. The Saints are, therefore, warned against the abuse of a precious means of divine guidance by the too frequent encouragement of dreams and the errors we may commit in the applications given to them.

Joseph F. Smith.



LESSON WORK IN THE SECOND INTER-MEDIATE DEPARTMENT, 1905.

As several inquiries have been made by Sunday School workers regarding how to conduct the Church History work of the second intermediate department, and calling attention to the fact that some of the references given in the Outlines are out of print, the following suggestions are offered:

First, read carefully the Introduction to the Outlines for that department. Do not make the mistake of supposing that a careful study of ALL the references given under any particular lesson is required. Usually any ONE of the many given will be sufficient. There is at present no text book on Church history adopted fully for this work, and as most of the homes of Latter-day Saints contain—or should contain—works relating to events in the history of our Church, a variety of references in each case has been given, so that both pupil and teacher may be able to find something adequate from some source to make a good and impressive lesson of each topic assigned.

Nor is the teacher limited to books alone for material to make the lesson interesting. He may call into the class room some aged and experienced veteran of the Church—and what ward is without such a one? and the class may get some of the choicest material on the lesson from that source.

Often the pupils may not know just what books his home does contain, or of what they treat. Hence, if assigned the task of finding out something about any given lesson, he will have an incentive to probe into the books of his own home. And should a home be so unfortunate as to contain no book on Church history, we would recommend that one be purchased at once. The authorized History of the Church, two volumes of which are issued, is the most thorough work of the kind; but for the use of the second Intermediate department, "A Brief History of the Church," by E. H. Anderson, would be very helpful and may be purchased for twenty-five cents of the Sunday School Union.

Under these conditions it should not be a difficult task for a live teacher to make an interesting lesson on any of the topics in the Outlines on Church History.



PROGRAM OF DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS, 1905.

Saturday Evening, at 7: 30.

Singing.

Prayer.

One half hour's song service. Practice the following songs: 1. Our Home in the Mountains, pages 181, 188.* 2. Glory to these Latter Days, 140, 143. 3. Sacramental Hymn, 22, 20. 4. Marching Home, 128, 131.

Address of welcome by the Superintendent of the stake in which the Convention is held.

The Spirit *versus* the Letter in Sunday School work,—by a member of the General Sunday School Board.

Music.

Practical talks: 1. Preparation and condition of the Sunday School rooms. 2. The Social side of the Sunday School. 3. Home Co-operation in Sunday School work. 4. The Usher, by stake superintendents or assistants.

Special song.

*The first page given is that in the Sunday School Song Book, the second that in the Sunday School Hymn Book.

Remarks by members of the General Board.
Singing.
Benediction.
Handshake and social.

General Assembly, Sunday, 9:30 a. m.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Opening remarks.
4. Separation for department work.

General Assembly, Sunday 1:45 p. m.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Separation for department work.

Meeting of Stake Boards, Sunday 4:15 p. m.

Special Sunday School business.

Department Work.

It is expected that in all departments the general features of last year's exercises will be retained, and that a presiding officer for each department will be chosen and appointed at a preliminary meeting of the stake superintendents and other officers belonging to the Convention District held sufficiently early in the year to give ample time for the arrangement and execution of all details.

In this year's Conventions it is expected that two papers will be considered at each session, the order in which these will be considered is left to the brethren composing the preliminary meeting above mentioned. In some departments more than four subjects are suggested; where this is the case the selection of the four deemed most appropriate to the local school conditions is left with that meeting.

Kindergarten Department.

1. The Religious Element in Sunday School Kindergarten work.
2. Importance of a definite purpose in every lesson given and story told.
3. How should the death of Christ be presented to little children.
4. The study of child nature.
5. A practical illustration in presenting a Kindergarten lesson from the present year's course.

Primary Department.

1. The use and abuse of the Story.
2. What makes an ideal Primary department.
3. What are the principal difficulties encountered by the Primary teacher: How they may be overcome.

4. A practical illustration in presenting a Primary lesson in the present year's course.

First Intermediate Department.

1. How can the teacher best use the Sundays for which studies are not provided in the "Outlines."
2. Sunday Loafing.
3. Importance of memorizing the teachings of the Savior.
4. The proper use of the name of the Deity.

Second Intermediate Course.

1. The absent boy: How to reach him; how to hold him.
2. The proper use of references in studying church history.
3. The third year's course—A practical illustration in presenting the lesson.
4. The distinction between historical facts and individual interpretation.
5. Advantages to Sunday School pupils of studying Church History and Modern Revelation.
6. Fast day exercises in this department.
7. The sanctity of the name of Deity.

Theological.

1. The lesson aim: how to secure it; how to use it; how to apply it.
2. Home Preparation.
3. Keeping to the subject,—the ill effects of unprofitable discussions.
4. Theology and Religion—their similarities and differences.
5. The third year's course—a practical illustration in presenting a lesson.

Superintendents

1. The school house and its surroundings.
2. Best method of increasing the attendance.
3. Punctuality: how to promote it.
4. Our new Reports: how can the information be best obtained.
5. Weekly meetings of officers and teachers: their importance.
6. Fast day exercises.
7. Evils of raffling and other games of chance.
8. Personal cleanliness of officers and pupils.

Choristers and Organists.

1. Importance of memorizing the words of the songs sung in our Sunday Schools.
2. Importance of thorough preparation of the songs for the day by the choristers and organists.
3. Responsibilities of the choristers and organists as officers of the school.
4. Importance of appropriate sacramental hymns and music.

Secretaries, Treasurers and Librarians.

1. Equipment of a Sunday School Library.
2. Proper keeping of the roll books and records.
3. How to care for and conduct a Sunday School library.
4. Treasurer's accounts: how to keep them.
5. Incidental duties of a Treasurer.
6. How to calculate the percentage
7. The General Register; how to keep it, its purpose.

It is expected that each department will early in its first session appoint a secretary.

General Assembly, Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

- Singing.
- Prayer.
- Singing.
- Short talks by stake superintendents.
- Singing.
- Talks by presidencies of stakes.
- Singing. "True to the Faith."
- Talks by members of the general board.
- Singing.
- Benediction.

Program of Local Sunday School Exercises for Convention Sunday, 1905.

It is advised by the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union:

1. That on the Sunday on which the Sunday School convention is held that the schools in that district convoke as usual and follow the program here given.
2. That each school be presided over by a member of its superintendency.
3. That prior to the convention, the superintendency select from the theological class suitable members to take charge of the classes on Convention Sunday, in the absence of the regular teachers.
4. That special provision be made for conducting the singing exercises in the absence of the choristers and organists.
5. That the program be thoroughly prepared and strictly followed.
6. That the officers and teachers who cannot attend the convention be urged to be present and take part in the school exercises.

Program

1. Roll call of classes.
2. Singing "Sweet Sabbath School."
3. Prayer and reading of the previous Sunday's minutes.
4. Sacramental song (selected).

5. Administration of the sacrament.
6. Five minutes talk on the Sunday School Convention, by presiding officer.
7. Song, "Joseph Smith's First prayer."
8. Short address on the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by a member of the second intermediate department.
9. Song by primary department.
10. Short address on the life of Nephi by a member of the first intermediate department.
11. Song by kindergarten department.
12. Two Bible stories selected from "Bible Story Leaflets," by two members of the primary department.
13. Short address on the life of President Joseph F. Smith, by a member of the theological class.
14. Singing.
15. Benediction.

X

PROGRAM FOR WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES FOR 1905.

- Prayer meeting at 9:45.
- Roll call at 10 a. m.
- Singing by the school.
- Prayer.
- Reading of minutes.
- Concert exercise of the Articles of Faith.
- Singing by the school.
- Administration of sacrament.
- Singing.
- Presentation of the authorities—(the same officers, etc., should be presented as in 1904.)
- Singing, "True to the Faith."
- Ten minutes with the kindergarten department.
- Ten minutes with the primary department.
- Ten minutes with the first intermediate department.
- Singing, "Memories of Galilee."
- Ten minutes with the second intermediate department.
- Ten minutes with the theological department.
- Remarks by officers and visitors.
- Singing.
- Benediction.
- All hymns and songs sung are to be selected by the Sunday School chorister, except those specially designated.
- It is expected that the several "Ten minutes" devoted to the various departments will be used in exercises by pupils of the respective departments mentioned.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

SIXTH SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1905.

1. 2. 3. 4—Same as some previous Sunday.

5. Nature talk—Sunshine.

If the sun is shining have the children look out of the windows and tell what they see. Sing Good Morning to the sunshine. Take a hand looking glass and reflect the sun shine into the room.

If the day is cloudy talk of the sunshine behind the friendly storm clouds. The teacher may stand a small child back of her so that the others cannot see him to illustrate how the clouds hide the sun from us].

The sun shines in the winter as it does in the summer time but it is not directly over us so is not so warm. The sunshine makes the snowflakes and ice sparkle as though they were happy to welcome it.

Mister Sun comes up late in the winter and goes to bed early, like children sometimes do. I wonder if it ever finds any of us asleep in bed when it peeps over the hills?

Listen while I tell you how it peeps into one child's room. The story says:

When I'm softly sleeping,
In the early morn,
Through my window creeping,
A sun-ray comes new-born,
It gently says, "Good morning,"
Then with golden light,
Peeping through my curtain,
Makes my chamber [bedroom] bright.
(E. Smith, part 1, page 58.)

Learn this one verse.

6. Bible story—Repeat lesson 5 and add lesson 6.

Re-tell lesson 5 and continue with lesson 6.

How many of you have babies at home?

Here is a picture of the baby Jesus. (show picture). Whose baby brother or sister is about as big as this one in the picture? (count hands raised). But our baby brothers and sisters do not stay babies always, they laugh and stretch and eat and grow until they get to be big babies, then they learn to walk and when they are three or four years old they come to Sunday School like we do now. That is the way baby Jesus did. He grew to be a big boy, as tall as Willie and James (name two or three of the boys present and have them stand so that the others can see how tall they are), and every one loved Him for He was always so kind and good. His father, Joseph, was a carpenter (explain what that is), and I suppose Jesus often went into the shop and played with the shavings and sawdust, and when he was older I think he must have learned to use the hammers, saws and all the other tools just as the boys of today learn to do. So Jesus grew larger and stronger in mind and in body. He prayed to the Lord like we do and His prayers were answered. The Bible tells us more about what He did when He grew to be a man, like our papas, than when He was a boy, until He was twelve years old; it tells us of something that happened then.

I wonder if anyone can count twelve children? Twelve chairs?

Now I will count and we will clap our hands very softly and see if we can *all* stop when I say twelve. Ready, 1, 2, 3, etc.

7. Rest Exercise.

8. Repeat story of Legend of Great Dipper.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing song and prayer.

EIGHTH SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1905.**1. Song:**

Thumbs and Fingers, say good morning. (Smith). You can play this, having the thumbs and fingers bow in their turn as you sing. After song let the fingers have a short dance exercise.

2. "God's Love:" (Hill.) one verse.**3. Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.****4. "Good Morning, Brave Children. (Hill).****5. Nature Talk: How all things must obey.**

Who is it at home that does so many things for you little children? Mothers and fathers. Let the children tell some of the things their parents do for them. What do you do sometimes to help? (Call on one or two children). What should we do all the time to help our mothers and fathers? (Let children tell). We should always obey our parents for they know better than we do what is best for us. We should try always to be kind and obedient for then it makes it so much happier for us and easier for our mothers and fathers. You know every person has to mind and do what is right. Our parents have to obey someone, and everyone has to obey the Lord's will. Our Father in Heaven knows just what is best for us. He sends snow here for our good, and then our mother and father know that they must put warm clothes on their children and make the home warm. And all the little animals know just what they must do when the cold storms come. I am going to tell you a story of a little animal who thought he did not have to mind his mother. To get attention for story:

Open, shut them, open, shut them,
Give a little clap;
Open, shut them, open, shut them,
Fold them in your lap.

6. Story:

Once upon a time there were some

frolicsome squirrels who were having a lovely time hopping and jumping from pine tree to pine tree. The mother squirrel didn't have time to play, she had something more to do, she was cleaning house. She worked hard until her hole in the tree was all nice and clean, then she called her children squirrels to come home. And squirrels always go quickly you know when they are called, and these squirrels did just that way. They ran, hopped and jumped right into their hole in the tree to hear what the mother had to say. "My little ones," said Mrs. Bushy Tail, (for that was mother squirrel's name), "it is going to storm I fear and we shall all have to get in our winter supply of food. You won't have time to play for some time, but you must gather all the nuts you can for something tells me winter is coming." Her little Frisky-Top said, "Well here I go first of all to get my nuts," and out of the hole he jumped. But her little Bright-Eyes said, "Oh I would rather play and then I'll get my nuts tomorrow."

Well you should have seen Frisky work. He found such fine, large nuts and oh! so many of them. And Mrs. Bushy Tail, too, gathered in a great many nuts. But little Bright-Eyes played all day except when he stopped to eat a nut. Well that night some great clouds came, and soon it started to snow and before long everything was white. Little Frisky-Top said, "How glad I am I have a store of nuts," "Yes," said Mrs. Bushy Tail, "I, too, am glad, for now we shall not need to go out in the cold and snow." Little Bright-Eyes said nothing but he was thinking hard. How he wished he had obeyed his mother when she told him to gather in his nuts. The next morning Bright-Eyes jumped out of his hole in the tree: everything was covered with snow. Little Bright-Eyes was hungry, but didn't have one nut. Oh! how he

wished he had minded his mother. No telling how long that snow would last. His mother said; "Bright-Eyes, why don't you eat some of your nuts. He felt ashamed, but he told his mother the truth of how he had not minded her at all when she told him to gather in his nuts, but that he knew it would be more fun to play. "Well," said Mrs. Bushy Tail, "I'll give you some of my nuts," and Frisky-Top said "I'll give you some of mine, enough to last until you can get some for yourself." Some time after that the snow partly melted away and Bright-Eyes hurried out to get some nuts. After a hard time he found some. He took them home for his mother and for Frisky-Top and then his own. And after that I tell you Bright-Eyes never played when his mother told him to gather nuts, for he knew that his mother knew best.

7. Rest exercise: Select one from last month's list.

8. Bible story:

Every year a big feast, called the Feast of the Passover, was held in the city of Jerusalem, and when Jesus was twelve years old Joseph and Mary took Him with them to the feast, but when they started home they traveled all one day and when they looked for Jesus they could not find Him. He was not with any of His aunts or uncles nor with the children nor with

anyone they knew. So Joseph and Mary had to go back to Jerusalem, and they hunted every place for Him for three days, after which they found Him talking to the doctors in the temple. He was answering them and asking them questions, and those wise, learned men were astonished at the things Jesus knew: for He could explain things that they did not understand.

When Joseph and Mary found Jesus Mary said, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." That means, "Why did you stay here? We have been hunting all over for you and were worried and sorrowful for we were afraid you were lost." Jesus answered, "How is it that you sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" That means, "Why did you hunt for me? Don't you know that I must do the work that my Father in heaven sent me to do?"

They did not understand just what He meant, but Mary kept thinking of the things Jesus said. Jesus left the temple and went home with His parents, obeying them all the time until He grew to manhood, and the Lord and everyone who knew Him loved Him more and more, just as we do as we learn more about Him.

9. Children's period.

10. Closing: Good-bye song. March out.



THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' HOSPITAL.

 N January 4th, 1905, there was dedicated in Salt Lake City a building of which any city in the world might be proud. It is the Dr.

Groves Latter-day Saints' Hospital. In it is every comfort and convenience for the sick that modern science can supply. It is thoroughly up to date in every re-

spect, added to which it is "beautiful for situation on the sides of the north," being situated on Eighth Street, in the extreme north of our lovely capital city, with a landscape in front of it scarcely excelled in any part of this fair earth.

Though called the Latter-day Saints' Hospital, it is not intended that its benefits shall be restricted to members of that Church. It is open to all people of every faith who desire to avail themselves of its advantages. But having been built by that Church and its members, and being under the immediate control of a board of directors of which the Presiding Bishopric of the Church are the head and front, it very properly bears that name.

No one accustomed to ordinary buildings can imagine the many devices here provided for the comfort and care of the sick, and for the performance of the most delicate surgical operations; and they can have little idea, without going over the building, of its beauty and strength. All that man can do has been done to make it in every respect as perfect as possible for the purposes for which it is built. It is also promised that the corps of physicians, surgeons, nurses and employees shall be as up to date as is the building.

We present our readers with an illustration, by which they can better judge than from mere description of the hospital's size and appearance.



DR. GROVES LATTER-DAY SAINTS HOSPITAL.

THE ABSENT BOY.

HOW TO SECURE HIS ATTENDANCE IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND HOW TO RETAIN HIM.

THE absent boy is not necessarily bad or wayward, but he has never tasted the sweet or good things of life: his higher nature has never been awakened. On Sunday morning, instead of being dressed in his best, going toward Sunday School, you may see him in his every-day clothes sauntering down the street with a fishing tackle in his hand or a gun over his shoulder, bound either for the fishing pools or the hunting grounds; or you may see him dressed up going down town seeking companions like himself with the intention of spending the Sabbath day on the street corners or in the shady canyons. No matter where he goes, if he is not at the Sabbath School on Sunday morning he is not in the place where he ought to be. How shall we reach him? How shall we secure his attendance, and then, what shall we do to retain him?

Before considering either of these subjects, it is well for us to ask this all important question: "What have we to offer such a boy? The answer is a pleasant, well heated, well lighted, well ventilated schoolhouse, pleasant and thoughtful superintendents, kind and considerate officers and teachers, and well trained and gentle children for him to mingle with. If these are not the conditions existing in our school, we must set it in order before beginning to look for the absent boy.

It is taken for granted that our school is almost ideal in these respects, and that a majority of the children in our ward are constant attendants. No rule whereby the absent boy can be reached, in every case, can possibly be laid down, but three general points—good example, kindness, and well directed perseverance,

should never be forgotten and may always be relied upon. Every person is an example. He yields an influence for good or evil. Sunday School workers are all, or should be, exemplary men and women. They are the best young people in the ward. They wield an influence over their associates for good. The children that come in their presence every Sunday partake of, and become imbued with, this same influence, and they in turn, impart it to others of their associates. If the absent boy is fortunate enough to be a companion of these children when out of school, he, no doubt, feels this same good influence to a greater or less degree.

Influence from good example is a wonderful power. It clings to us. We can not shake it off. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is powerful in every look of the eye, in every word of our lips, in every act of our lives. How shall it reach the absent boy? He is too shy for the teachers; the superintendents are almost total strangers to him, but with other boys of his own age and the same condition in life, he is well acquainted; with them he spends his week days, and with them he freely exchanges thoughts. These are the real missionaries who have him in their power, who have already given him the true taste of Sunday School influence. Their example has forced it upon him without his knowledge. On slight, yet earnest request of the teacher these devoted students bring him with them to the Sunday School class the next Sunday. He finds all that has been mentioned, and really a pleasant place to be. The superintendents notice him with a gentle nod as he comes in and the teachers shake his hand warmly and say, "We are glad to see you, come and join our class." They refrain from asking him hard or perhaps

any questions; they permit him to get thoroughly settled. His heart may be sad or his mind may be troubled but he is made comfortable and to feel at home. Kindness to him is the teachers' motto, always remembering that,

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend him. Remember there is nothing like kindness in all the world. It is the very principle of love; an emanation of the heart which softens and gladdens, and should be inculcated and encouraged in all our Sunday School work. It is impossible to resist continued kindness.

The absent boy has attended one Sabbath School. He found much more that he liked than he expected. His classmates were sociable, his teachers became

better acquainted with him and did all they could to make him comfortable and happy. When school was out they invited him to return and, not only that, but whenever they meet him on the street or other public place, they always give him a kind look and an encouraging word. The teachers' persistent interest in him, directly and indirectly, has finally made him feel that he is really worthy of notice and can possibly become something: that the fishing pools, hunting grounds, street corners, or shady canyons are not the best places on Sunday mornings after all; but, that the Sunday School where he can go to associate with good men and women who will labor for his welfare and where he can gain some useful information shall be the place for him hereafter. Let the teacher with tact, wisdom and kindness impress upon him that God has said,

"Walk thou in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous."



A JAPANESE MAIDEN'S POETIC ANSWER.

OTA DAGNAN was the lord of a great castle. As a warrior he became so famous that his deeds have been given a place in the song and story of Japan. Of the tales told of him, there is one whose poetic significance has given it a fixed place in the legendary lore of that land.

One day while Dagnan was amusing himself at his favorite sport, hawking, a heavy shower of rain fell suddenly, and he hastened to a cottage which was near by, to ask the loan of a grass rain-coat,—a *mino*, as it is called by the Japanese. He was

met at the door by a very pretty young girl who after listening to his polite request became very much confused and blushed deeply. She made no reply but ran into the garden, picked a flower, roguishly handed it to the warrior, and disappeared within the house.

Dagnan was in no humor to appreciate such a reply to his request and he flung the flower down angrily. A strong impulse came over him to enter the house by force and take the much desired coat, but he restrained himself and returned to his castle, wet and very much vexed at

the manner in which his rank and dignity had been treated by this young girl.

Not long after this occurrence, some courtiers had occasion to stop at Ota's castle. To these nobles he related the incident and was very much surprised that they did not share his indignation at such an offense.

"Why the incident was delightful," said one of the courtiers who was especially versed in the language of flowers, "who would have looked for such wit and such knowledge of our classic poetry in a young girl in this uncultivated spot? The trouble is, friend Ota, that you are not learned enough to take the maiden's meaning."

"I take it that she meant to laugh at a soaked fowler," growled the warrior.

"Not so. It was only a graceful way of telling you that she had no *mino* to loan. She was too shy to say no to your request, and so handed you a mountain camelia. Centuries ago one of our poets sang of this flower. 'Although it has seven or eight petals, yet, I grieve to say that it has no seed' (*mino*). The cunning little witch has managed to say no to you in the most, graceful way imaginable." This explanation satisfied the warrior, and what had appeared to be an offense, was now only a pleasing incident.



TABLE ETIQUETTE.

THERE have always been rules and regulations for social and family intercourse from the earliest period of human history, and there have always been those in society who seem to think there is some sort of virtue in disregarding these amenities of the home and society as trifling regulations not necessary for them to observe. Manners at the table not only show the respect to others that is due them, but they are often a real index to the character and nature of one's own life. Selfishness, absent-mindedness, forgetfulness, coarseness, and similar rude and crude conditions of human nature often manifest themselves in a failure to observe the amenities of table etiquette.

Nor is the matter of manners a mere revelation of one's real nature. Table manners are akin to correct living and a healthful diet. Time to masticate the food, cheerful conversations, and an exhil-

arating condition of both body and mind are always promoted by good manners at the table. The silent, selfish rush of the gormand brings about disease and emphasizes the very evils that should be corrected.

As a guide to the young, the following helpful hints are sincerely recommended:

Do not be late at the home table.

Never be late when a guest.

Sit reasonably near the table. If too near, the result is the inability to keep the elbows from interfering with one's neighbors.

Never place the elbows on the table; they should be held well in and close to one's sides.

Do not bend over the plate.

When waiting to be served, do not handle the napkin ring, the knife, the fork, or any other table article.

When seating yourself at the table, unfold your napkin and lay it across your

lap in such a manner that it will not fall upon the floor.

It is proper to begin to eat as soon as served, though there should be no impolite haste.

The knife is used in cutting up the food, but it should not convey the food to the mouth. the fork is used for this purpose.

Be careful to keep the mouth well closed while masticating the food.

Chew your food well, but do it silently.

Do not smack the lips while eating.

Soup should be eaten from the side of the spoon and not sucked in audibly from the end of the spoon.

Never help yourself to butter or any other food with your own knife or fork.

When salt is taken from the salt cellar it may be placed on the side of the plate, not on the tablecloth.

When drinking, it is not good form to

throw the head back and invert the cup or glass.

It is rude to reach across the table, or to rise and reach in order to help yourself. If servants are not near, ask politely of some one at the table that the dish be passed.

Do not attempt to eat the last drop of soup nor the last morsel of food on the plate.

When small dishes are used in serving vegetables, fruit, etc., they should not be taken in the hand, but left on the table.

It is very inelegant to blow a thing to cool it.

It is not proper to drink with the spoon in the cup.

Do not use a tooth-pick in public. It is a common practice, but not with the best-bred people.

If necessary to leave the table before the meal is over, ask to be excused of the one presiding.



THOUGHTS ON GOD.

IS there a God? This question has often been asked and answered pro and con.

To my mind, the evidences are clear and certain in favor of the existence of a God.

The earth and the elements of which it is composed show such fitness and adaptation to the requirements of its inhabitants that no proof appears to me to be wanting to establish the idea that a pre-arranged plan is being worked out, and that God is the founder of that plan. Had those elements so necessary to the existence of man been left out, the plan

would have been spoiled; but nothing has been left out. The plan in all its details is complete; there is every provision for his comfort and for the perpetuation of his existence through his term at school in this mortal life, where he has evidently been sent to gain an experience —where, by his God-given capacity, intellect and reason, and through obedience to the laws of the all-wise Creator, he could enter on the road of progression, which through continued faithfulness leads to the Godhead.

If we study the elements of which the earth is composed and their fitness to

contribute to the subsistence of man and provide for his necessities, and consider man's organism, endowments and environment; the possibilities of his intellectual, moral and physical development; the brain that presides over all his efforts; his nerves, and their relationship to the brain; his lungs, that provide for respiration, and their adaptability to utilize the life-giving elements contained in the atmosphere, and infuse them into the veins and arteries provided for the circulation of the vital fluid, enabling it to reach every part of the human frame; the heart that furnishes force to the circulation and gives the motive power to the whole system. If we consider these things carefully, I think we shall be led to exclaim with Northrop, that "no one can study the human frame, its marvelous bones, joints, muscles, arteries, nerves; its breathing lungs and beating heart, sending its thrill of life through every fibre of the complicated system, without being led to the thought of an all-wise Creator."

Man in his development awakens to the fact that he has been placed upon this earth and surrounded with every element necessary to his comfort, and that by his labor and the application of the experience that it is his privilege to acquire, he can manipulate those elements to produce everything needful for his support and comfort.

From the same earth he can obtain trees both for fruit and shade, cereals, vegetables, fruits and flowers of endless variety. Nothing is left out that is needful to sustain him and minister to his health and happiness.

A proper use of the elements and observance of the highest ideals of morality tend to the best interests of man; but he has his agency. He can go upward and onward from one degree to another in his unlimited possibilities of development and advancement, or he can take the downward road until his hopes and happiness are blighted.

Look where we will in nature, and we see unmistakable evidences of preparation, and the creation of conditions by some unseen power, without which the habitation of our earth would be impossible.

Take the sun from our solar system, and it would bring a blight of night and death to all planets now revolving near it. Take the sunshine from man and he would soon sicken and die. Shut out its life-giving rays from the earth, and man, with all his intellect and endowments, would soon be a thing of the past. Everything in the animal and vegetable kingdoms would perish, and this planet would fail to fill its purpose.

Wm. W. Burton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



REVENGE AS HE SAW IT.

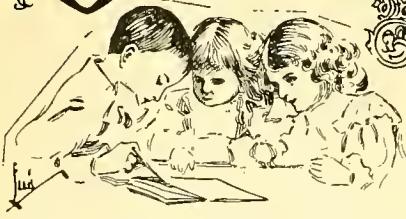
A LITTLE boy in Mesa, Arizona, the other day called on a dentist who promptly removed a tooth that had been aching violently. As soon as the tooth was extracted, the dentist threw it to one side.

"Sir," inquired the boy of the dentist, "can't I have that tooth?"

"O yes," responded the dentist, "but what do you want it for?"

"I am going to take it home," continued the boy, "and fill it up with sugar, and then watch the blamed thing ache."

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



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NEW YEAR'S SIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

As seen by the fourteen years old son of President Angus M. Cannon.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
Sunday, Jan. 1, 1905.

DEAR PA.—I received your letter dated December 20, 1904, and was well pleased with it.

I thought you would like to hear a little about what is going on here. In the earlier part of last week we visited the chutes.

The principal amusements here are the theatre, the Scenic Railway, Shooting the Chutes, Down the Flume, the Ferris Wheel, Electric Railroad, and Merry-go-round.

A person visiting the Chutes generally pays his admission, which is ten cents at the gate. He is then allowed to see the theatre free if he takes the unreserved seats—the reserved seats costing additional. This week they had Princess Fan Tan, a play played by three hundred small actors and ballet dancers.

After the last act the curtain rose displaying a magnificent Christmas tree lighted by hundreds of small electric lights of different colors.

Next, the person may go out and secure his ticket, step into the car and be hoisted to the elevated house where the

Chute begins. You get out of the car, walk through an aisle, and climb into the boat. The man says "All ready," and you find yourself starting down the incline. At first you go easy, then your speed increases, and you seem to drop into space till you hit the water, the boat leaps into the air and alights again, and your thrilling ride is over.

(As I was writing the above, an earthquake shook the house.)

Next you may choose something more quiet, and go down the flume. The boat is placed on rollers and elevated above the water. You climb in, a man turns a lever, and you plunge into a flume. First you find yourself in an ocean with a sandy beach and a tall lighthouse to the right, while ahead are two steamers, which appear to be sailing with tiny lights shining from their portholes and a bright moon lighting it all.

You go on a little further and the beautiful Sacramento valley lies to your left, (A tremendous earthquake just shook the house.) while beautiful Mt. Shasta looms up in the moonlight. Click! The lights go out and you are left in the dark with a sign ahead that reads "Honolulu."

You then glide past the city of Honolulu, with its streets and houses, and also the beach and ocean, and a small electric street lamp at each crossing. Back of the city towers a huge volcano, which

keeps boiling up to the brim with red-hot molten lava.

"Switzerland" and the country of the Alps is before us, with its peaks and villages. Then through the dark St. Gothard's tunnel, and into the land of windmills with its quaint Dutch villages. "Venice," the watery city, surrounded with its castles and gondolas. We glide under the Bridge of Sighs and the active Rialto.

Next you are in the land of the river Nile. We pass the massive pyramids and the huge Sphinx and some of the tall obelisks.

You turn a bend, and—can you believe your eyes?—you are in fairyland. There are beautiful ponds with fragrant water lilies and large white swans; the heavy perfume of the tropics weights the air, while brilliant crystal fountains sparkle incessantly, and in the midst of it Cleopatra reclines in her barge.

(Another earthquake).

Then we enter flowery Japan, with all its glory of pajamas and kimonas. Next our sunny southland, with a life-size darky sawing wood with an old bucksaw, and a field of cotton at his back, while out of his cabin floats the tune of "Old Kentucky," etc.

A red sign reads "Home, Sweet Home," and we pass through a blazing hell. Imps with burning eyes are peeping out at you, while grinning skeletons sit at tables drinking whisky.

We pass a pretty waterfall and we are out in the open air. All this is educational as well as amusing. All these things are real fixtures, not pictures.

* * * *

You may want scenery next, so you get into one of the large cars of the Scenic Railway. The car goes up a steep incline and you are high above the city. You start to look around to see what you can get a look at, when—whizz—you go down

a chute that takes your breath, and from that time on you can see one mass of stars. You go down a hill, up another, then turn a curve that makes your hair fall out. After going till you think you are going to give up the ghost, you plunge into a black tunnel, and go till you begin to slack up, and you are at the starting place again.

There is not much to the other things, so I will not describe them here. I could build any of the things with the necessary capital, except the scenic railway and the theatre. The theatre is too large and the railway takes too much trestle work and the bending of steel rails. I could build the small electric railway with small expense.

I guess I will close now, so good-bye.
Your loving son,

JAMES.

P. S.—The earthquakes took place as I was writing, but not at the Chutes.



THE INDIAN DOLL.

The Indian doll sat still and straight
In the pride of his unaccustomed state
Just outside of the dollhouse door,
Whose charge as a trusted guard he bore.
Sat as still as the breathless three—
Daisy, and Dot and Marjory—
While they listened there to Teddy's tale
Of the red man bold, and the trappers pale.
And the dreadful things they used to do
In sundry tales of yellow hue).

Sat, till they heard on the nursery stair
A well-known step—then scampered where
Their three beds stood, all white and nice,
To cuddle down as still as mice;
For the bedtime hour had long since flown
In Teddy's tales of gruesome tone—
Tales he had oft before been told
To keep for ears more wise and bold!

The step drew near, and the light went out;
And Ted for once forebore to flout
As the footstep died on the stair again;
For sleep had come—as they all had lain

Pretending it—to the other three,
And soon he was with them, sailing free
On the sea of dreams, whose tossing tide
The wild night horses love to ride.

Hours passed, the night grew dark, then wan
With the first dim light of coming dawn;
When a strange thing happened there, to
crown

Poor Teddy's tales of dark renown.
For the beady eyes of the sentinel,
Sitting propped up by the dollhouse wall,
Began to light with a baleful glow,
And to turn, all slyly, to and fro,—
First of all, to the children's beds,
Where the pillows pressed four sleeping heads:
And then around the peaceful room,
Where all was dim in the curtained gloom.

His eye first fell on Teddy's tools
Under the sofa—planes and rules,
Hoe, saw and spade, and a hatchet bright,
With sharp blade gleaming plain in sight.
Then with awful whoop and sudden leap,
He reached the spot, and from the heap
The hatchet snatched, and brandishing
The blade aloft, with one more spring
Regained his place at the dollhouse door—
And smashed it in with awful roar.

He sprang within, and the kitchen scanned,
Then slashed about on every hand;
Dot's stove, that Santa Claus had brought,
Fell into splinters on the spot;
Then pots and pans, with din so thick
To make a dreamer's ear-drums prick!
Teakettle, boiler, washboard, all
The toys long cherished, big and small:
Dishes and tables, cupboards, chairs—
Nothing his cruel hatchet spares!

Then in the parlor, without check,
He lays all things in the same sad wreck—
Lamps and rockers, and silk settees,
Piano, desk and draperies—
Go down in the great and awful fall
Wrought by the vicious Indian doll.

Now, with a cruel smile he fares
With fearful strides to the bedroom stairs,
And there, in the dear doll-nursery, sweet
With muslin spreads, and pillows neat,
He finds the dolls in their gilded beds—
Six little bisque and flaxen heads!

With a whoop even louder than before
From the little cots he fiercely tore
Each sleeping doll, and with his axe
Scalped from each waxen head its flax,
And on the bisque ones then bore down
With blows that crushed each brittle crown.

Looking for mischief still to do,
He saw the match that Dotty drew
From box forbidden oft to her,
And struck its light with a spiteful whirr;
Then setting fire to the sheets and spreads,
He burned the six dolls in their beds!

Now, with his horrid deeds content,
He dropped the axe, and quickly bent
His steps toward the fireplace, where
With one strange leap into the air
He reached the open chimney flue,
And disappeared—as nightmares do!

Poor Dotty wakened with a scream.
Her thoughts all clouded with her dream—
She sensed one thing—the awful woe
The cherished dollhouse now must show!

At sound of Dotty's curdling wail
(Sad fruit of Teddy's fireside tale),
The startled household rushed to hear—
Midst choking sobs and streaming tear—
Her dreadful tale. Then at a sign,
One let the morning sunlight shine
Into the dim, blind-darkened room,
Dispelling swift its frightening gloom.

Poor Dotty looked, and gasping, saw
The dollhouse standing without flaw!
Its open stories showing clear
The kitchen, parlor, bedroom—queer!
With furniture all safe and sound,
Each in its corner standing round.
Never a pot nor kettle harmed!
And what her very heartstrings warmed—
Six little dolls stretched in their beds,
With all their tresses on their heads!
And strangest yet—beside the wall
The Indian warrior, guarding all!

But Dotty's dream its lesson drew,
For ne'er again the nursery knew
Forbidden tales of blood and fire,
Such as must rouse the wild desire
Of strange night-steeds to ride the sea
Of dreams—where children oft must be!

J. S.



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